

CHARIVARIA.

THERE has been some talk of the Germans ceding Togo (West Africa) to France. Many persons, however, would prefer to see France giving Germany Togo—if we may use an expression which was in vogue during the recent war between Russia and Japan.

It is so difficult to be funny without being vulgar that one feels sorry that it should be possible for a joke in excellent taste to have an unpleasant sequel. The Secretary of the Woolwich Radical Club has been summoned for using on note-paper a representation of a coronet cleft with a pickaxe without obtaining a licence for armorial bearings.

This is a world of compromise. The PRINCE OF WALES, we understand, was most anxious to attend the Durbar, but this was impossible. He has, however, been appointed to H.M.S. *Hindustan*.

A member of the House of Lords was dining at a cheap restaurant. He ordered a bottle of ginger beer. A label on it caught his eye:—"As supplied to the House of Lords." The nobleman's face lighted up. "Thank heavens," he cried, "we still have a little prestige left!"

To refute the allegation that women would only vote for the best-looking men, Sir WILLIAM LYNE, ex-Premier of New South Wales, declares that there are ugly men in the Commonwealth Parliament who have been sent there by women's votes. But this does not prove anything. The unsuccessful candidates may have been uglier still.

The London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company is, we hear, not a little proud that one of its Directors should have been selected for the important post of British Consul-General in Egypt. The appointment is considered a well-earned tribute to the business-like way in which the affairs of the Company are managed.

The fifth annual report on the Aliens' Act draws attention to the fact that the percentage of aliens in our prisons

is now very small. It only remains for Englishmen to buck up and prove that they can themselves produce sufficient criminals to fill these places.

Our tube railways, which are well known to be the coolest places in hot weather, continue to make a bold bid for a share of the patronage which is bestowed on seaside resorts. During the recent sensational storm a portion of the Bakerloo tube was flooded, and many passengers were enabled to

How annoying, as the Scilly Islander remarked, to go for herrings and only to catch crans.

Munich would appear to be suffering from an epidemic of prudishness. In future no cats will be allowed to walk about in that city unclothed. It has been decreed that each of them must wear a collar.

Thousands of fish are said to have been killed in the Thames between Isleworth and Teddington by the heat. It has been suggested that the survivors should be supplied with sun-bonnets.

The innate dislike which many motor-cars show for bicycles is almost uncanny and reminds one of the never-ending dog-and-cat feud. While his chauffeur was starting the engine the other day, Mr. JUSTICE BRAY's motor car ran down the High Street incline at Guildford, and of its own accord demolished two bicycles before it was stopped.

The Begum of BHOPAL, while in Geneva, purchased some 4,000 Swiss watches. It is thought that she wanted to know the time.

"LOCAL INTELLIGENCE."

Sun rises 4.15 a.m., sets 7.57 p.m. (fifteen minutes later in Gloucestershire).—*The Citizen*.

People dissatisfied with the sun's limited performances elsewhere now know where to go.

"Alfred Peck Stevens, known as the Great Vance, was taken with a fatal seizure during his turn on Boxing Night, 1888, at the Sun Music Hall, Knightsbridge, and died at the side of the stage. He was forty-nine years of age. The price of *The Era* is 6d." *The Era*.

We should like to ask how much would *The Era* cost if the GREAT VANCE had died in the centre of the stage at the age of 77?

Overcrowding in India.

"A grand Mahogany Bedstead 9½' x 8' with posts and testers complete meant for Rajas and Zemindars. Can also accommodate 4 middle class people comfortably. Going for Rs. 500."—*The Statesman*.

"CASHIERS.—Young lady wanted, for desk and dissection."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Will Mr. STEPHEN COLERIDGE please note?



Bookstall Clerk (after fifteen minutes). "WOULD YOU CARE TO BUY THAT BOOK, MADAM?"

Lady (absently). "OH, NO, THANKS. I'VE ALMOST FINISHED IT."

indulge in paddling. Arrangements for mixed bathing are in preparation.

According to a newspaper affiche:—

"GERMANY DEMANDS
LLOYD GEORGE'S
DISMISSAL."

The idea is good, but we distrust the quarter from which it comes. We prefer to start these notions for ourselves.

"The herring fishings at Shetland and on the east coast of Scotland are," we read, "far from satisfactory. Last week's catch amounted in round figures only to some 65,000 crans."

NORTHWARD, HO!

LET us elope, my lyre (if still you keep
That sacred name with all but one string cracked),
For now my sweltering hand, that used to sweep
Your vocal chords, at last declines to act,
Unnerved by languors of the late July;
And this my basso, which was once so tough,
Can do no else but simply limply cry,
"Jam satis!"—meaning I have had enough.

Let us depart, my boots, for now I think
I hear the red bird call across the brae
Out of his heather-bed, superbly pink,
Saying: "He should be here next Saturday;"
And there the point-to-pointer, trusty brute,
Twitches in dreams to draw my desperate feet
To where his nose locates the winged loot
Hard-dying in the final patch of peat.

Let us begone, my heart, because I yearn
For the large freedom of the open moor,
For the great hills that flank the tawny burn
And scent of rain upon the pine-wood's floor;
For sweet bog-myrtle and the transient gleam
Of luncheon intervals where, couched at rest,
We tell our spoil and lap the local stream
Allayed with whiskey of the Highlands' best.

Let us away, and far; this tedious crew
Of HALSBURY-buccaneers, they turn me sick,
These men who make the Peerage-mongers do
Their revolution by arithmetic;
Who play at soldiers, run amok and romp,
Harmless against the enemy, while they throw
Dirt at their own side from the final swamp;—
Yonder the air is cleaner! Let us go!

O. S.

Suggestion for Evening Parties.

The latest game is to guess how many of the guests have had to pay postage on their invitation cards, owing to the insufficient adhesive properties of the new stamps.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT as quoted in *London Opinion*:—

"Brief is the violence of love! In perhaps thirty-three per cent. passion settles down into a tranquil affection—which is ideal. In fifty per cent. it sinks into sheer indifference, and one becomes used to one's wife or one's husband as to one's other habits. And in the remaining sixteen per cent. it develops into dislike or detestation. Do you think my percentages are wrong, you who have been married a long time and know what the world is?"

We do. We should like to get another 1% in somewhere.

"As Romana Gienetto, a shoe worker, seized a 250-pound turtle by the tail to-day at a beach near Chelsea, the reptile spit out a large copper penny. The coin was minted in 1770 and marked with name of George III. of England. The turtle, which measures over two feet from head to tail, must be 141 years old at least."—*Kansas City Star*.
The guess at the age is accurate. Turtles, it is well known, refuse to swallow any coins save those of the current year.

"In particular, the misconstructions that had been based by a section of the London and Paris Press upon Mr. Lloyd George's Mansion House speech have been raised to the ground."—*Daily News*.
With the result that the spirits of the Germans are now elated to their lowest depths.

Newmarket First August Meeting (behind the Last Ditch). The Die-hard Stakes. Also ran: Lord ROSSLYN.

THE "GRAND GARDEN FÊTE."

THE Parish began it and the Vicar was very active in it. The Parish had decided that it couldn't do without a Church-Room. Other Parishes had Church-Rooms where the Parishioners could be improved by lectures, addresses, concerts, parish meetings, debates and so forth, and it was obviously absurd that our own Parish should continue in a position of inferiority through not having a Room. A Room was therefore built, and a very handsome convenient Room it was, but—there was a debt on it. Indeed, no self-respecting Church-Room has ever started in life without a debt; and this particular debt, though it troubled the Vicar, was not a very heavy one. Church-Rooms must have debts; debts must be paid off; and a "Grand Garden Fête" must be held in order that the debt may be, at least, diminished. So it came about that a Grand Garden Fête was actually organised and held.

I cannot offer to describe it in every detail. It was too varied, too vivid, and too exciting for that. The ladies of the neighbourhood turned themselves into saleswomen. A stern business determination gleamed out of their eyes; you could see by the way in which their lips moved that they knew exactly how many pennies there were in a half-crown or a pound, and that they were not to be deceived in a question of small change. The greengrocery stall glittered with tomatoes tastefully arranged in punnets by a Justice of the Peace. Peaches and nectarines languished delicately against a background of dark and glowing grapes, the direct descendants of those that came as specimens from the land of milk and honey. Gigantic melons, bloated with self-importance and succulence, lay about like ammunition designed for a *Dreadnought*. Nor was the humble potato absent, and the lowly lettuce, the beet and the carrot. It was a gorgeous stall, fruitful in more senses than one.

Cheek by jowl, or, rather, trestle by plank, with the fruit-stall was the sweet-and-chocolate stall. Sweets more brilliantly parti-coloured I never saw, nor have I ever tasted better chocolates. The little silk bags alone were worth the money. Here swarms of children became bankrupt and sticky, shading their innocent chins heavily with chocolate. In the morning lollipops in thousands lay below. We forgot to count them at break of day; and when the sun set where were they? Then there was a needlework stall bedizened with embroidery wrung from the leisure of the wives and mothers and daughters of the district. Over the sacred and appreciated mysteries of this show it does not beseem me to linger, for it was built up on a foundation of useful articles not suited to the mind or person of a male. It did a roaring trade. Finally, there was a stall for cakes and jams, which was swept clean, as it were in a moment. No jam-desirer on that great day denied himself his favourite preserve. Gooseberry was mine. To me the translucent skins are irresistible.

"Walk up! Walk up! Walk up! 'Ere's yer fine cocoanuts, juicy cocoanuts! Roll, bowl or pitch! Cocoanuts all juicy!" Where had I heard that raucous, resonant, East-end voice before? It came from a gentleman in dark corduroys and a heavy sweater broadly striped in black and yellow, a dark-visaged sort of hornet of a man who was luring spectators to a cocoanoclastic revelry. His sister was beside him, a splendid lady who bade defiance to the Sun in a tight thick black velvet bodice and a flaring silk skirt splendid to behold. Her earrings were in size and splendour like the *vezilla* of a Roman legion; her hat was



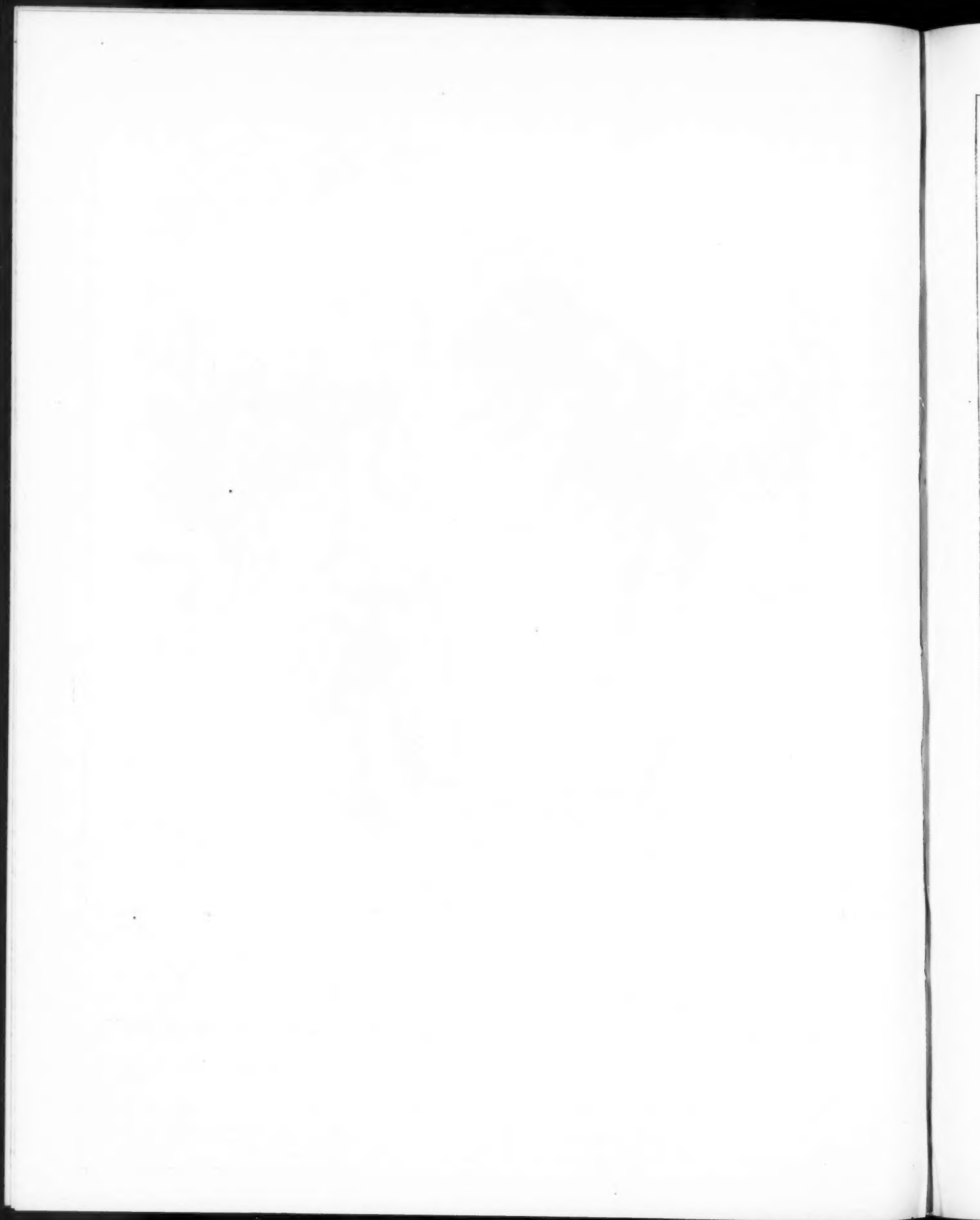
A VERY-NEAR-EAST QUESTION.

MR. PUNCH (*in the Green Park*). "LOOK HERE, MY BOY, THIS IS WHERE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A STATUE OF KING EDWARD."

BOY. "WE COULD DO WIV' ONE OF 'EM DOWN AT SHADWELL, MISTER, AND A PARK TO PUT IT IN."

MR. PUNCH. "YOU SHOULD HAVE BOTH, IF I HAD MY WAY."

[There is a strong movement in favour of devoting a part of the KING EDWARD Memorial Fund to the creation of a Public Park beside the river on the site of the disused fish-market at Shadwell, a neighbourhood that stands in great need of open spaces; and to the setting-up of a statue to preserve the memory of his late Majesty among a population not less loyal than that of West London.]





New Footman. "I SUPPOSE THERE ARE A LOT OF NOBS 'ERE TO-DAY, MR. BLOUNT?"

Butler. "A FEW, MY LAD, A FEW. BUT MOST ARE THE SECONDARY CROWD THAT WE 'AS TO ASK ONCE A YEAR."

an oriflamme. This was Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins, and close to her stood her faithful 'Enery, he too in corduroys and barred, as to his sweater, with red and black. Attendant upon them was their gnome in pearlys, and their arms and faces were brown as the sun or some more artificial agent could tan them. I rolled, I bowled, I pitched. Cocoanuts shivered into fragments under my erratic skill. Then in a flash of recollection I realised that this talented family had laid aside the glories of its birth and state in the shape of a cool summer frock and seasonable flannels, and had, for charity and one afternoon, put on the accent, the earrings, the velvet, the corduroys, and the colours of the immemorial East.

In the meantime Aunt Sally, too, was bearing up under a succession of shattering blows, while the general company were absorbing ices with a wild *abandon* or indulging madly in lemonade. The sun was blazing down, but it did not daunt the "Anglo-Roman Band" who, with their stringed instruments, made cool and pleasant music in a shady nook. They came from a neighbouring town and were certainly imperially Anglo in faces, voices and trousers. No doubt their scarlet tunics provided the Roman element and justified their name.

Suddenly a voice announced that the children would now dance some old English dances, and the chairs under the walnut-tree and the chestnuts became filled with spectators. On the platform, where the Pierrots were afterwards to sing, the fiddle and the piano struck a chord, and, lo,

through an archway of roses, there came dashing the merriest prettiest little company of small Englishmen and Englishwomen that anyone ever set eyes on. Sixteen of them there were, divided into two sets: the big little ones ranging from ten to twelve years, and the little little ones from five to eight years. No pen can describe the neatness, the daintiness, the concinnity and the gaiety of their dances. Every little foot was duly pointed, every little head was thrown back, every little roguish face looked archly at its neighbour. The girls in print dresses and bonnets; the boys in smocks and felt hats, outvied one another in the tuneable swaying of their bodies and the swift movement of their twinkling feet. It was a jolly sight that made you want to cheer for very delight, while the simplicity and pretty innocence of it all gave you a lump in your throat. Was old England really like this, so gay, so demure, so harmless, and so smiling in its sports? Did they come out on the green, while the rude forefathers stood round and clapped their hands, and did they dance in this enchanting style, all the little lads and lasses of the hamlet in their work-a-day dresses? Perhaps they did; at any rate we do well to imitate what we think they did. As to the dancers themselves, they were untroubled by any doubts, and their little hearts and souls were in every step they took. Then, the dance being ended, we returned to the lemonade and the cocoanuts, "fine cocoanuts, juicy cocoanuts."

We want to know if Mr. FRASER, of Sprouston, Kelso, chose for one of his hymns on Sunday, "Peas, perfect peas."

A CRICKET SWEEP.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You will be doing me a great service if you will kindly print my personal explanation and plain statement of a regrettable incident that occurred in one of my recent club matches. If you do so (as in common humanity you ought), you may perhaps have the satisfaction of knowing that you have helped to reinstate me in the good opinions of those who now wish me to resign from my cricket club.

The matter is this. We are in the habit of having a sweep on all the matches we play. Each member of the team pays half-a-crown, and there are two prizes of one pound and seven and six for those who draw the first and second top scorers respectively. The practice has always provided a little harmless amusement, and nothing unpleasant has ever occurred until the time of which I speak.

On this occasion, *Mr. Punch*, I had done rather well by picking Roger—who was once reserve man for a Glamorgan second team. Percy, a player of about my own calibre, had picked me, and was rude enough to express his dissatisfaction with his luck.

Well, having had a good score knocked up against us, we somehow or other went all to pieces. Roger, to my delight, was the only man to reach double figures, and he managed to get twenty before being bowled. I went in eighth wicket down (my average position), when we had absolutely no look in, and I found Percy already in charge of affairs.

"Now for a sporting effort," he said, as I passed him on my way to the farther wicket.

Seeing there were about fifty runs to get, I looked on his remark as sheer rot. Percy, as I've said, is just about as good as me, and I've hardly ever been known to make twenty runs—not all at once, that is. In fact, I considered the match as good as over and the yellow piece (thanks to Roger) as good as mine. The last man in hardly counted.

You know how it is when you don't much care if you do get out. As often as not you stay in. At the end of two overs Percy and I were still at the wickets, and I, scoring at double his rate, had made two runs. It didn't end there; I only wish it had. We went on and on, having the most extraordinary luck, till the fatal moment arrived when I scored my nineteenth run, and Percy had the bowling.

If I say that by this time, in the excitement of the match, I'd forgotten all about the sweep, you won't believe me, I suppose. Nobody will. Percy

won't, though, as I tell him, I try hard to believe in him. Percy had the bowling, and the next ball went, as I supposed, for a bye. I called and ran down the pitch. Percy also ran, but looked round (he'd no business to) and saw first slip get to the ball.

"Go back!" he cried, as first slip prepared to throw at the nearest wicket. It was clear that one of us would be out, and in that swift moment I realized that the mistake was mine and that it was up to me, not Percy, to pay the penalty. I rushed past Percy just as the wicket was thrown down—so that I was the batsman who retired disconsolately to the pavilion. Now isn't that in accordance with the best spirit of the game, *Mr. Punch*?

And what is the upshot? They declare that I threw away my wicket in order to obtain first prize in the sweep; and at the same time cheated Percy out of it. For, of course, it would have fallen to him if I had beaten Roger's score. I have pointed out (1) that I had forgotten all about the sweep; (2) that if I had remembered I hope I should never let private interest come before public benefit; (3) that, anyway, my batting average being what it is (never mind what), the chances of my getting out increased horribly with every run I made, from nought upwards, and (4) that they pass over the fact that Percy showed suspicious self-denial in offering himself as a sacrifice, so to speak, for my mistake.

But there it is. Percy, I may say, made twenty-one (the last man keeping up his end), and then, when we were within five runs of victory, got bowled. "Anyway," I heard him say, "I didn't mean *him* to get first prize, even if it meant losing the second myself."

Well, what do you think of that? They are so full of my supposed infamy that they don't notice his. And so, *Mr. Punch*, they are on the point of compelling me to resign my membership of a club which I have served faithfully since the days when, as chairman of the luncheon committee, I effected the introduction of gooseberry tart into the weekly luncheon as a permanent stand-by.

Yours, etc.,

"MISUNDERSTOOD."

"The meeting agreed to the deletion from the report of the Gas Committee provision that had been made for a deputation to visit works at Lausanne."

Mr. Hipkins admitted that the committee had no idea that the place was outside England."

Wolverhampton Express and Star.

What do they know of Switzerland that only England know?

SOCIETY AT THE SEASIDE.

BRIGHTGATE is very full just now. Several well-known people from Tootwell and Camberham were out and about on the front yesterday enjoying the sunshine and sea breezes. Among those promenading, Mr. "Herb." Smith was prominent in a lounge suit of irreproachable cut and a straw hat with the colours of the Household Brigade, to which he is temporarily attached for vacation duties. With him were Miss Gertie Brown and Miss Mabel Fulleylove, both well known in the smart set of Streatling. Miss Brown was attired in an effective semi-hobble costume with accessories to match, and Miss Fulleylove was exquisitely trousered in brown Harris tweed. It is rumoured—with I know not what truth—that at the end of his leave Mr. Herbert Smith intends to retire from the 2nd Life Guards and to enter City life.

EASTCLIFF has seldom known such a gay season, so many of the smartest folk from Houndschapel and White-ditch having run down from town to take advantage of the health-giving properties of the mud for which Southcliff is famous, and which is now in full bearing. The many smart toilettes on the front give a kaleidoscopic effect, rivalling that of the automatic machines, which are again a feature of the place this year. The winkle stalls are as well patronised as ever by those gourmets who know a good whelk or winkle when they see one; in fact there has been such a run on these favoured comestibles that Mr. Alf. Pearlies, who is a regular visitor at this time of the year, and whom I met on the pier enjoying a very fragrant morning cigar, informed me that there is almost a pin famine in the place.

BLACKFORD.—The many attractions here have, as usual, drawn enormous crowds from the towns of the Rival Roses for a brief holiday blow by the briny. The shore is the fashionable morning parade, and in a casual stroll along the yellow sands one is sure to meet many well-known faces from Wigham, Oldburn, Haliford and Brailfax. In the evenings the strains of the Pink Rochdalian Band have been drawing everyone to the beautiful dancing pavilion on the front.

SKETCHTHORPE.—A large section of Society seems to have found its way to this resort of fashion, from the number of times that one hears the latest shibboleth. The phrase most in vogue with the smartest people just now is "Bow-wow," and I heard it most appropriately used no fewer than 14 times during a short half-hour on the parade.

THE AGE OF SPECIALISATION.



WE GATHER FROM CERTAIN PICTORIAL ADVERTISEMENTS THAT IT IS NOT NECESSARY FOR THE ARTIST TO HAVE THE LEAST KNOWLEDGE OF ANYTHING BUT THE ARTICLE ADVERTISED.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE INCOME-TAX AUTHORITIES.

THERE are only two ways of dealing with Income Tax authorities—the right way and the wrong way.

A.—THE WRONG WAY.

(1)

*Lilac Lodge, Beechgrove, Hants,
April 5th, 1911.*

To Mr. W. P. Smith,
Deputy-Assistant Surveyor of Taxes,
Inland Revenue,
(City 54th A District)
Room 92, Fifth Floor,
Budget Buildings,
13-16 Stamp Street,
London, E.C.

SIR,—I have this morning received the enclosed demand for Income Tax £30 0s. 9d., signed by you, and if it is not taking up too much of your, no doubt, valuable (!) time should very much like to know how such a sum is arrived at. I may say at once that I do not intend to pay it; but it would be interesting to know exactly how far the incompetence of public officials carries them in their extortionate and unjustifiable demands on the public.

Yours truly, A. J. BROWN.

(2)

Lilac Lodge, etc., April 12th, 1911.

To Mr. W. P. Smith, etc., etc.

(H.J.K. 596.)

SIR,—With reference to your letter of 11th inst., in which you state that I have apparently misunderstood instructions as to making a return, I beg to state that I am as capable of understanding plain English as you are, and I would add that in a matter of arithmetic I am *more* capable, as far as can be judged from your so-called explanation. My return of £699 19s. 11d., *by the law of the land*, entitles me to the relief for those whose incomes do not reach £700, and I *defy* you to deny it to me. The deductions I have made to bring it within that figure I say I have a right to make, and no Mr. W. P. Smith (!) in the world can deprive me of that right. It is true that I have deducted the rent I pay for my house from my return, as I also use it for an office, directing circulars, etc., for the various societies of which I am a well-known supporter. And inasmuch as the income I enjoy comes from investments made by my late father, in his capacity as leather trunk manufacturer, I have a perfect right to treat the whole of it as earned income. It *was* earned—by my father, a man known and respected in the City of London, which, if you take the trouble, you can find out.

In conclusion, I would recommend you to attend evening classes at one of the various institutions founded to assist those who suffer from a defective education. Plain addition and subtraction can be learnt even by the most ignorant, if they set their minds to it.

Yours truly, A. J. BROWN.

(3)

Lilac Lodge, etc., April 18th, 1911.

To Mr. W. P. Smith, etc., etc.

(H.J.K. 596.)

SIR,—*Certainly* I have made my returns in the way indicated in my letter of 12th inst. for the past several years, and *they have never been questioned*. Perhaps you will now kindly send me in a correct demand note, and I will forward cheque in accordance therewith. I cannot spend further valuable time in corresponding with those who are patently incompetent to do any business at all, let alone that of a public office.

Yours truly, A. J. BROWN.

(4)

Lilac Lodge, etc., April 24th, 1911.

To Mr. W. P. Smith, etc., etc.

(H.J.K. 596.)

SIR,—The impudence of your demand is positively staggering in its colossal ineptitude. Do you *really* think you are entitled—a mere “Jack-in-office”—to deal in that way with a member of the public, and a well-known and respected one, such as I humbly claim to be? I enclose cheque for £30 0s. 9d., which was your original demand. I have no patience to go on with the matter, and would sooner be *swindled* in this way than suffer the annoyance of further correspondence with one so absurdly unfitted for a position of trust as yourself. As for your cool demand for £372 3s. 2d., for arrears of tax, fines for making false returns, and what not, I warn you that you are not permitted, under your office, to insult the taxpayers by whom you are paid, and I doubt not *grossly over-paid*, for the work you are not capable of doing. If I suffer any more annoyance from you I shall put the matter into the hands of my solicitor, and you will be dealt with as you deserve.

Yours truly, A. J. BROWN.

(5)

Lilac Lodge, etc., May 15th, 1911.

To Mr. W. P. Smith, etc., etc.

SIR,—I enclose cheque for £372 3s. 2d. as I am advised by my solicitor that under the present state of the law I cannot expect to win a case against the powerful and oppressive public body under whose shelter you pursue your wicked and nefarious career. If it had been otherwise I should have taken the

case to the House of Lords sooner than sit down under such barefaced and dishonest robbery. But you need not think that I have done with you. I have requested my wife's relative, Mr. F. E. Jones, M.P., to ask a question in the House of Commons relative to your fitness for the post you occupy, and it is my earnest hope that as the result of enquiry you will be dismissed from that office, as you deserve to be.

Yours truly, A. J. BROWN.

Correspondence ended. Mr. F. E. Jones, M.P., is not reported to have asked any question in the House of Commons, and Mr. W. P. Smith, still earns the emoluments of his office and the confidence of his superiors.

[In our next issue we propose to give B.—THE RIGHT WAY.]

A JEWELLED SELL.

PALE pearls

Are best for girls,

And queenly diamond stones

Their charming chaperons

Do most befit;

But this fierce ruby, heart's blood of the East,

What does it want, I ask you, west of Suez?

Down the dim centuries of fight and feast

It's blazed (no doubt) on many a Rajah-roué's

Kingly and costly kit;

Balefully still it blinks of hate and harm,

An asp upon my Amy's rose-white arm!

What tales

Of long jezails,

And grim zenana-bars,

And cruel scimitars

Could it portray!

Torture, intrigue it knows, and cut-and-thrust

Of companies, bow-string and poisoned potion,

And elephants soft-padding through the dust,

And years and years of killing and commotion.

What, Amy, did you say?

“Talk about something that I understand?” Why, quite.

A Capetown garnet, is it? Oh, all right!

The Trick Reader.

“‘Ere y’are, capting!’ he cried hoarsely. ‘All about the bank fy lure!’

Creed, with an oath, bade the boy be off; and then, with a sudden change of mind, snatched the paper into a ball, he hurled it, with a savage movement, under the seat.

A glance at the columns on the front page elicited a snarling curse from him.”

“Answers” serial.



Ches Pears '11

Longshoreman (to Yachtsman who, having run his yacht upon a spit of sand in order to scrub her bottom, is waiting whilst the tide rises sufficiently for him to proceed). "THIS SPIT'S A VERY DANGEROUS BIT, MISTER; MANY A SHIP'S GONE DOWN THERE. WE'LL TOW YER OFF FOR A QUID?"

Yachtsman. "I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE SHILLINGS TO SAVE TIME."

Longshoreman. "NO, THANKS, MISTER; WE'LL GET MORE THAN THAT FOR YER BODY."

POSE-CULTURE.

PROFESSOR SANDHILL begs to inform the readers of *Punch* that his salon for pose-culture is now open at 947A, New Bond Street.

In these days of illustrated papers and vest-pocket cameras, pose-culture is necessary to the peace of mind and good reputation of not only Society people, but litigants, criminals, professional boxers, actresses, heroes in humble life, politicians, and all who attain notoriety by romantic and unusual means.

The picture of the Duchess of X. climbing on to her drag at Lord's, which went the rounds a short time ago, showed at a glance the imperative need for pose-culture. Good people cannot learn too soon that, after all, it matters less what you are than how you look.

One of the most deplorable results of the photographic illustrations of our daily Press is the injury done to the favourite pastimes of Society. Already the impromptu gymkhana has become a daring enterprise in the most secluded of country houses, while those charming little chimney-pot parties that have been so popular this season are threatened with extinction because of the

grotesque pictorial results that have attended them.

Professor Sandhill's teaching is this: "So pose from moment to moment that you need not fear the sudden camera"—an injunction which is already displacing, among the best people, that somewhat archaic moral obligation: "So act from moment to moment that you need not fear sudden death." As the Professor wisely remarks, there are things more sudden than death. By his beneficent method you are raised in a brief fortnight to that pinnacle of sturdy indifference from which may be uttered the proud defiance: "They print? What print they? Let them print!"

Professor Sandhill's staff includes some of the most cruel operators and cameras that were ever engaged in the service of the London Press. Within five minutes of your entrance into his salon you will be shown a picture of yourself paying the taxi-driver that will make you ask to begin his fifty-guinea course of pose-culture at once. But after the course you will be able to defy the whole staff and equipment at their worst, emerging graceful and picturesque from their most malevolent endeavours. Whatever you may do after the Professor's

tuition, whether it be participating in a tug-of-war or attending your own marriage ceremony, it will be impossible for you to do it in a manner unfit to print in any paper in the land.

Behaving yourself is one thing; behaving yourself for permanent pictorial record is quite another thing. You owe it to yourself and to your offspring, however tender their years, that no pressman's camera shall produce a picture of you or yours that can bring a flush of pleasure to the face of your worst enemy.

In view of the approach of the Twelfth, Professor Sandhill invites immediate enquiries. No case is hopeless.

Reuter states that Herr SILVESTER, President of the Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath, has proposed that "Austria-Hungary, Italy and France should unite in breaking the power of Great Britain, who was constantly interfering in matters all over the world. He was convinced that this new theory would not be welcome in Great Britain."

On the contrary, *Mr. Punch*, at any rate, always extends a hearty welcome to the best examples of Continental humour.



Caddie. "I GOT THAT BALL WE LOST THIS MORNING, SIR—GOT IT FROM A SMALL BOY."

Golfer. "GOOD. LET'S SEE—ER—WHAT DID YOU GIVE HIM FOR IT?"

Caddie. "A FLIP UNDER THE LUG, SIR."

HEAT WAVE INTERVIEWS.

WE are, thanks to the courtesy of the Editor of *The Review of Reviews*, in a position to place before our readers some interesting extracts from an interview with Lord KITCHENER which will appear in the next number of that veracious publication. The interview, it appears, took place in the Paddington Swimming Baths on July 22nd, the hottest day of the year, where the Editor happened to occupy a box next to that of Lord KITCHENER.

"Other soldiers," began Lord KITCHENER, "have based their claim to remembrance on carnage. I wish my name to be associated with gentleness, urbanity and suavity. Hence my first action on landing in Egypt will be to disband the Egyptian army, to dismiss all British officials, and in a word to govern Egypt by the people for the people. Some persons for some unaccountable reason have chosen to identify me with a policy of blood and iron. They will, I hope, soon learn to recognise their blunder and see that my great aim is to inaugurate a régime of milk and golden syrup. . . . You ask what I propose to do with the

Canal? In the first place I propose to entrust its control entirely and absolutely to the Nationalist Egyptians, to whom of course the shares purchased by Lord BEACONSFIELD will be surrendered. The name Tel-el-Kebir is to be removed from the map, and any Englishman mentioning it in public will be fined £5 the first and £50 the second time. The English tongue and the British flag will both disappear from Egypt. The Copts will be decapitated. There will be a municipal circus at which the Mameluke's Leap will be repeated twice daily. I have already got the consent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to the necessary expenditure of horseflesh. Then there is the question of costume, to which I attach the greatest possible importance. With the assistance of Dr. BUDGE and other eminent Egyptologists I have designed a uniform for myself which is simply pyramidal in its antique grandeur. It involves a beard à la RAMESES II., which CLARKSON has executed, and it may be rather trying in this hot weather, but still the sacrifice is worth making; and, *entre nous*, I can tell you that it suits me very well. Next we come to finance, which, as

you know, has always been my strong point. I have discovered that the *sudd* in the Nile, if subjected to strong compression, makes an excellent substitute for soap, and I propose to establish Government factories at suitable spots, the profits from which will be devoted to supplying the fellahen with the amenities of life. One fellah, one camel, shall be my minimum. Another scheme of mine is to restore Cleopatra's Needle to Egypt and erect it on the summit of the Great Pyramid.

Lastly, there is the question of nomenclature. Learning that my Christian name, Horatio, from its association with the hero of the Battle of the Nile, might awaken painful memories in the hearts of the Young Egyptians, I have decided to take in its place that of "Shashank Amenhotep."

All these and many other remarkable details were conveyed by Lord KITCHENER in an interview lasting exactly two minutes. It was subsequently dictated by the editor to an astral typist, and despatched by wireless telegraphy to Lhasa to be verified by the Teshu Lama. In the circumstances the absolute authenticity of the interview can be unhesitatingly guaranteed.

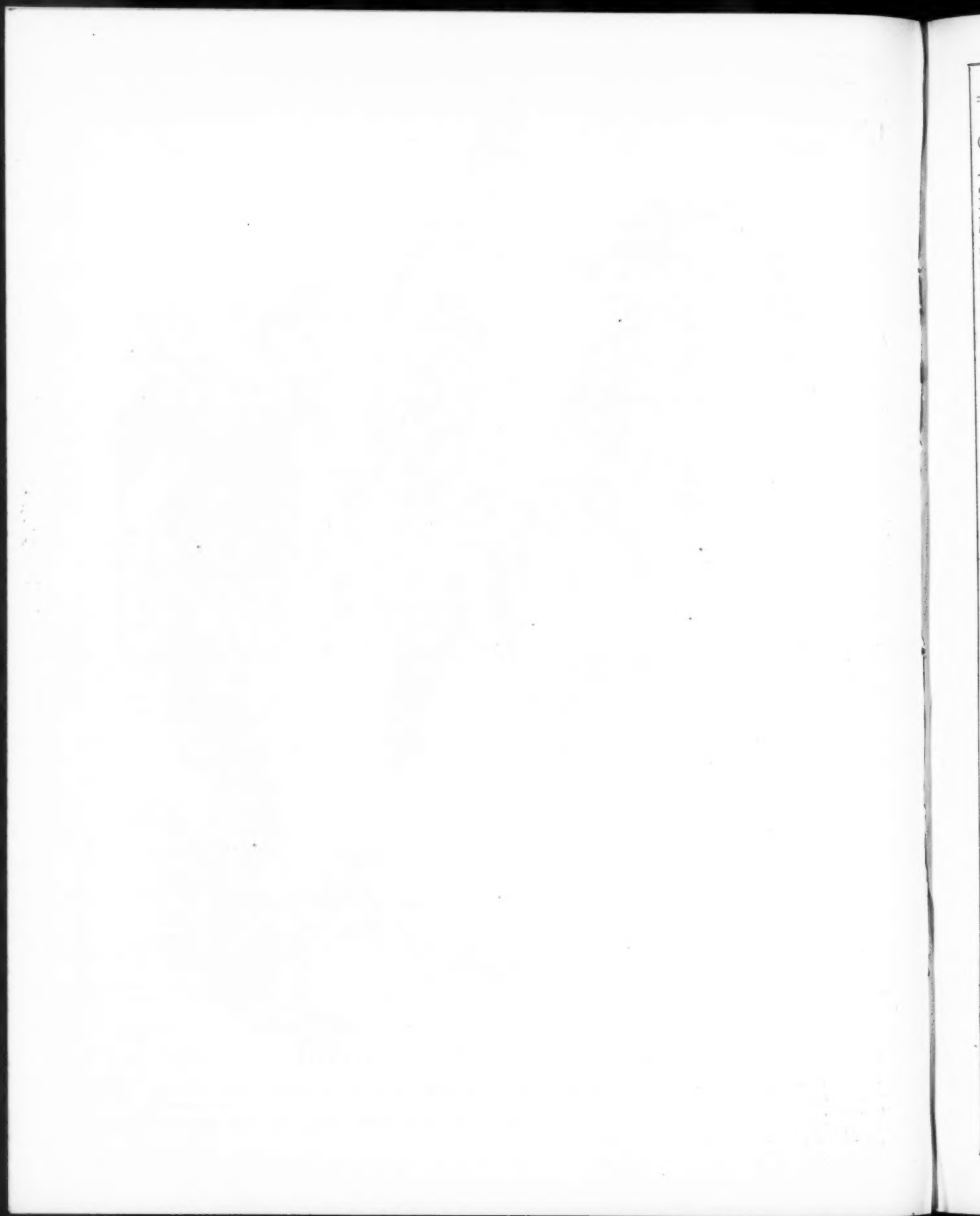


“A SORT OF” WELLINGTON.

LORD HALSBURY (*bursting with military tags*). “UP, LORDS, AND AT ‘EM.”

SCEPTICAL PEER. “AT WHOM?”

LORD HALSBURY. “WELL, I WANT TO DAMAGE THE GOVERNMENT FOR CHOICE; BUT ANYHOW DAMAGE SOMEBODY.”



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 31.
—MARK LOCKWOOD, Colonel, Chairman of Kitchen Committee, Ruler of our Roast, neatly enclosed POINTER in paper bag and placed him on the grill. This of course in a Parliamentary sense. What actually happened was that Labour Member for Attercliffe Division of Sheffield is in habit of keeping himself in the mind of his constituents by writing a weekly letter published in local paper. Discoursing on outbreak in Commons last week he indicted the SPEAKER on gravest charge that could be levied against occupant of the Chair. After describing the scene he wrote: "Where was the Speaker? He was there all right, but to his shame be it said he utterly failed to curb the wild spirits of the neurotic Tories responsible for the uproar. To fail, of course, does not necessarily mean disgrace; but in this case it does, because his failure was the outcome of a violent party leaning. . . . It was a pitiable fall. . . . I am sorry to have to say this of the genial Speaker, but truth and fairness demand I should say so."

The MEMBER FOR SARK thinks this outbreak of petulant unreason, in its way equally deplorable with the rowdiness it rebuked, might just as well, even better, have been left in the obscurity whence it was dragged. Mr. LOWTHER is one of the few left of the ancient, honourable political body who, scorning modern modifications, proudly wrote themselves down Tories. Nevertheless Members who have sat through the three Parliaments over which he has presided will testify to the fact that, following sacred tradition, he has, when in the Chair, ever shown himself absolutely free from political feeling. In the trying circumstances of last Monday he behaved with accustomed keenness of insight and coolness of judgment.

It is quite true that, in stable phrase, he gave the Hughligans their 'eads. Had he "named" COUSIN HUGH for disorderly conduct there would have followed the process of a resolution of temporary expulsion moved from Treasury Bench, a division, the withdrawal of the captain and the coming

to the front of his merry men. We should have had over again the tragedy of suspension of twenty-five Irish Members which enlivened the Session of 1882. Passion would have risen to white-heat, whose scorching effect would have been felt through rest of the week. SPEAKER contented himself with giving COUSIN HUGH what the Curate in *The Private Secretary* described as "a good hard knock," and when it became evident that the Hughligans were out for the night he invoked

libel on Mr. Speaker and a gross breach of the privileges of the House." Complaining that he had received only five minutes' notice of the Colonel's intended attack, he added, "I have not had much time to think what my action would be in the event of such a motion being brought forward." After a few more preliminary remarks he unblushingly produced from breast pocket foolscap sheet of paper and read carefully prepared statement embodying circum-

scribed apology not quite free from tone of condescension towards "the genial Speaker." That Right Honourable Gentleman graciously accepting it, the Colonel limbered up his gun and withdrew from the field.

Business done.—Sultry night in discussion of Insurance Bill.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Great day for the LORD CHANCELLOR. In other House NEIL PRIMROSE and representatives of affronted Liberal constituencies may be thirsting for his blood. In this gilded chamber of feudal associations over which he appropriately presides he is increasingly honoured. Since JOHN MORLEY was privileged to sign himself "Morley of B." (observe the ineradicable Radicalism underlying the curtailment of full title in habitual signature) he was never so much struck with the topsyturviness of the world as when to-day his duty as leader of House of Lords imposed on him the task of introducing his old friend "Bob" REID of House of Commons days as a belted earl.

For the LORD CHANCELLOR occasion more gratifying by reason of early misunderstanding. When announcement of his advance in Peerage was gazetted, Radical M.P.'s jumped at conclusion that it was a prelude to his retirement, a gentle letting-down of an embarrassing colleague by an alarmed PRIME MINISTER. Nothing of the kind. The earldom was the well-earned recognition of exceptional merit developed in quite unexpected direction.

Ceremonial impressive. When Lord MORLEY incidentally mentioned that the LORD CHANCELLOR had had an Earldom conferred upon him, that eminent personage was seated as usual on the Woolsack, apparently awaiting the stroke of half-hour that signals approach to commencement of public business. At sound of MORLEY's voice



HOW WE TREAT OUR LEADERS!

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. "Our absolute faith in our Great Leader, our passionate personal devotion to him, are unshaken and unshakeable; but I'll be hanged if we'll let him lead us where we don't want to go; and, if he *must* be replaced, well!—I need say no more!"

the Standing Order which promptly and effectually stemmed the riot and cleared the hall.

Perhaps, as SARK says, MARK LOCKWOOD might have left things as they stood. But the Colonel is a man of war. To this day recalcitrant babes in German nurseries are terrified into quietude by being told how, at a period of scare, he nightly patrolled Epping Forest, unattended, in search of foreign spies suspected of making for military purposes surveys and sketches of this approach to London.

Quaintest incident in interlude was POINTER's method of meeting the Resolution, which declared his letter to be "a



"THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT."

Captain MORRISON-BELL and Sir HENRY KIMBER take their little show round the villages with enormous success.

he started from reverie and, hurriedly rising, quitted the House.

"Seems to have got the needle," whispered stranger in Gallery to fellow-citizen. "Not huffed, is he?"

On the contrary. In a few minutes returned, having with alacrity not excelled by GERMAN EMPEROR effected quick change into Earl's robes.

New Peers, or others advanced a stage in rank, after signing Roll of Parliament, make obeisance to occupant of Woolsack. Woolsack at moment unoccupied. LORD CHANCELLOR could not bow to himself. Accordingly did reverence to the Throne, specially uncovered for the occasion. Kneeling for a moment on stool at its foot, "his eyes the home of silent prayer," he returned to Woolsack, and business went on as if nothing had happened.

Business done.—Appellate Jurisdiction Bill read a second time.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Captain MORRISON-BELL, late of the Scots Guards, his helmet now a hive for bees, has turned his attention to a problem, settlement of which has long baffled the skill of man. It is what

HENRY KIMBER, earlier leader of the Reform crusade, calls "the misrepresentation of the people" consequent on the unscientific distribution of parliamentary votes.

By way of bringing out the anomaly in most striking form the gallant Captain has constructed a model which, by the varied height of upright pencil sticks, shows at a glance the relative proportion of voters in various constituencies. Looks at first sight like a game wherein you are expected, standing at appointed distance, to drop a ring on a particular stick. Nothing so frivolous. It is a serious object-lesson in the almost incredible eccentricities of distribution of voting power.

Here Romford "lifts its tall head and like a bully" boasts its electorate numbering 55,951, while not far off are Winchester with 3,319 voters, Salisbury with 3,412, and on the other side of the Irish Channel Kilkenny with (excluding the cats) 1,690 electors empowered to return equally with Romford one Member to the House of Commons.

To sum up, of our 670 M.P.s one-half represent 5,414,357 electors, the

other half 2,489,418. The average of one-half is 16,162 electors per Member, of the other 7,431. To put it in another way, of the total electorate of 7,914,465, one-half send 458 Members to Parliament, the other 212. And yet, in eyes of the SPEAKER in the Chair and the Clerks in the Division Lobby, one Member is as good as another.

The story is an old one. MORRISON-BELL's ingenious illustration of its bearings should do something to hasten reform. If he would only hire a waggon and go about the country exhibiting his plan, accompanied by HENRY KIMBER with a piano or a pair of cymbals, he would do the State conspicuous service.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

THE SAFETY-VALVE.

WHEN I am feeling full of devil,
I do not step outside and revel.

When I am seized by wild caprice,
I do not badger the police.

I do not go upon the burst,
For mine is an expensive thirst.

What wild and boisterous thoughts
I think,

I try to celebrate in ink,

Supposing that I might do worse
Than turn them into hireling verse.

You say that my idea of fun
Is rather a commercial one?

That may be so, but anyhow
It's just what I am doing now.

However, when one gets as far
As you and I at present are,

One finds that life is hardly quite
As irresponsible and bright

As one supposed, for all the time
One has to worry with the rhyme.

One's spirits settle; one is fed;
One even thinks of going to bed.

And, if it's all the same to you,
That's just what I am going to do.

An Intrepid Airwoman.

"Miss Alexa Jameson wore lilac net striped dress, and purple hat with roses, mounted on grey meteor."—*Scots Pictorial*.

"The fifth race was for cruisers below thirty and not exceeding one hundred and ten tons."
Liverpool Echo.

The second stipulation seems unnecessarily severe.

"Kiess's comet has been steadily brightening since the notice in *The Times* of July 19."
Times.

This sounds quite like *The Daily Mail*.



Farmer (fteen miles from anywhere). "WELL, DID YE GET THAT TIME-TABLE FROM MR. BUSH?"

Carter. "NOA, OI DIDN'T. THICK THEER FELLER WOR TRYIN' A ROISE OUT O' OI—WANTED TO GIE OI A BOK, 'E DID, 'STEAD O' A TABLE."

SPINNING OUT THE ICE.

I WANT to know if any of *Mr. Punch's* readers can help me. We have already learnt the valuable lesson of preserving foodstuffs by the use of ice. But how keep the ice? It is a question of preserving the preserver, so to speak. I hate waste, and I don't like to have a thing about the house that keeps disappearing while you are not using it.

We live in the country, and at first we tried getting it by post. That really was a rotten plan. It was not only that it never arrived, but we had all sorts of trouble about the other parcels that came in contact with it, and our postman got sciatica. Now we get it from the fishmonger in the village; but he only lets us have a limited supply and he insists on delivering it early in the day. It wants a good deal of washing too—there are always a few scales and things on the outside—and that still further reduces it.

Now I come to the point. It is magnificent at lunch, but we cannot keep it till dinner-time. The trouble is that the cooling drinks we have at

lunch simply whet our appetite for it and we both feel that dinner is a mere farce without it.

I was convinced that I had read somewhere that it ought to be hung in a bag, a flannel bag. Things like flannel, that sound hot and frowsy, are nearly always the coolest, I find, according to the scientific papers. So we hung the first lot up in the shade behind the coal-house and went away and tried not to think about it. But when I came back in the evening I found nothing but a limp flannel rag with a puddle below it. The sun must have shifted round, I suppose. Somehow I hadn't thought of that.

My wife took it over the second day. She is very ingenious, but, as I tell her, she has not a really logical mind. What she did was to pack it all round the thermometer in the garden. Well, it brought the temperature down from over eighty to under forty, and "There you are!" she said. But that didn't stop it from melting. She seemed to have an erroneous notion that the thermometer would react on the ice, which of course it didn't.

The next day, without a word to any-

one, I sought out the coldest room in the house, which happened to be the nursery bathroom, pulled down the blind, shut the shutters, and stowed the ice in the bath. I still think that might have worked, if Nurse hadn't turned on the hot tap, for some ridiculous purpose of her own. I spoke very severely to Nurse, and I am sorry to say she denied that there was any ice there. She said she had found nothing in the bath but a little floating sawdust.

Then I dug a hole. Allowing for the state of the weather I consider that it was a pretty deep hole. Mother Earth, I told myself, is little affected by changes of temperature. There I put the ice, spread out on the bottom with a cloth over it. I blame the dog for having spoiled this experiment. He has a shaggy coat and has been suffering a good deal from heat prostration, and he spent a very happy afternoon in the hole.

We have got round the difficulty in a way, but I hope that some of your readers can tell me a better method. As it is we are just contriving to catch up the last retreating fragments by dining two hours before the usual time.

INKSLINGING PEERS.

GREAT MEETING OF PROTEST.

IN consequence of the correspondence columns of *The Times* having been given over to members of the House of Lords, in which to make their positions clear, a number of what might be called the serial letter-writers of the paper have been crowded out, and, smarting under this slight, they convened a meeting of protest, under the chairmanship of Sir HENRY HOWORTH. Among those present were Sir HARRY POLAND, K.C., Mr. A. KIPLING COMMON, "Senex," "Justitia," "Historicus," Mr. G. B. SHAW and Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK.

Sir HENRY HOWORTH, who was received with frenzied apathy, said that he had great respect for peers, and always should have, provided they were not of too recent manufacture. At the same time he could not view with composure this poaching on his preserves which had just set in so acutely. He was accustomed to occupy every year as nearly as possible eighty-four columns of *The Times*—not, he regretted to say, the largest type, but of a good readable size none the less. But since most of the paper had been set aside for the ventilation of the opinions, protests and propaganda of the peers, he, although it is true he had done a little bit, had had largely to refrain, with the result that his figures for 1911 were in danger of falling from eighty-four columns to about fifty. ("Shame.") Was this fair to him? (Cries of "No.") Was this fair to the readers of *The Times*? (Silence.)

The next speaker was Mr. A. KIPLING COMMON, who said that he was a born letter-writer, his second name determining his literary career and his last name giving him an interest in waste spaces, such as the *Times* Correspondence Columns ("Oh! Oh!") There were few subjects, he added, on which he was not ready, at a moment's notice, to dash off an epistolary comment; but during the past few weeks he had had to contend with so much unlicensed competition, as he would term it—(Cheers)—that he had quite lost heart, and a number of topics on which he would naturally have had something pertinent to say had escaped scot free. (Cries of "Shame!") However, a time would come. (Shudders.)

At this point a sensational interruption was caused by the arrival of "Senex," who was wheeled up in a bath-chair. The venerable gentleman, whose age might be anything from eighty to a hundred, after being with some difficulty assisted to his feet by

a valet and a nurse, was understood to register his protest against the usurpation of the Correspondence Columns of *The Times* by aristocrats who ought to know better than put pen to paper; but he was so very imperfectly heard at the Press table that it is quite possible, as Sir HARRY POLAND suggested, that he was merely applying for his old age pension.

"Paterfamilias" begged to add his oratorical mite to the meeting. He had, he said, written during the past three weeks well-reasoned and necessary letters to *The Times* on the following topics: the lateness of the trains on one of the principal southern lines; the overcrowding of omnibuses; the price of sleeping berths on the P. L. M.; the inadequacy of the gum on the new stamps; and the importance of aviators carrying not only lamps but hooters; and not one had been inserted, wholly on account of the capture of the paper by the articulate nobility. Hitherto he had voted against Mr. ASQUITH and his detestable attack on the Constitution; but really he could not say what this new provocation might not lead him to do. (Applause and cries of "The next Prime Minister.")

The entry of Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON was the signal for the whole concourse to rise to its feet and sing the "Dead March in *Saul*." Silence having been restored, the champion epistolarist explained that nothing but such violation of the sacred pages of *The Times* as was now in progress could have brought him from his retirement. (Cheers.) He thought he had long ago written his last public letter; but when peers of the realm, who had no call to enter the lists of correspondence at all, took to bombarding *The Times* with their dreary egotistical screeds—(loud applause)—he felt that he must once again fill his fountain-pen and show the world what a letter to the Press really was. (Cheers, and "For he's a jolly good fellow!")

Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK observed in plaintive tones that there was no more pernicious form of the *cacoethes scribendi* than that of which they were the victims. The mixture of blue blood and black ink was more venomous than any other fluid. Pens were always dangerous tools, but in the hands of peers they became positively murderous.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW observed that his first impulse had been to join in the protest, but on second thoughts he found himself in complete sympathy with the peers. For one thing nobody could tell nowadays whether he might not go to bed a commoner and wake up a peer of the realm. It was impossible not to side with an Order to which you

might belong at any moment. Besides, some of the peers, as always happened with people who come fresh to a thing, wrote extraordinarily well and in a most racy fashion, reminding him of himself before he was demoralised by the adulation of smart society women and half-baked socialist undergraduates. With Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE as Editor of *The Times* and Lord NEWTON as chief leader-writer, there might still be a chance for a threepenny daily.

Sir HARRY POLAND said that Mr. SHAW's fulsome defence of the ink-slinging peers had filled him with disgust. For more years than he cared to remember the words, "I will write to *The Times*," had involved the unexpressed corollary, "and *The Times* will insert what I write." But now the phrase had lost its virtue. It no longer held good of the professional letter-writer; it applied only to the aristocratic amateur. Unless *The Times* reverted to its old usage, he was prepared in future to transfer all his communications to *The Daily Telegraph*. (Sensation.)

It was ultimately decided, on the motion of "Scrutator," seconded by "An Indignant Parent," that a deputation should wait on the Editor of *The Times* with the view of extracting from him guarantees against any unfair competition on the part of noble correspondents. The meeting then broke up singing a new song set to music by Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, of which the refrain is:

Silence befits but slaves in savage climes;
We ne'er shall cease from writing to
The Times.

The Allusive Touch.

"Not in the first day upon the moors is the method acquired of walking, like Agag, delicately and without fatigue among the heather!"—*Morning Post*.

"The management of the Dominion Stock Company will offer—week of July 24—George Bernard Shaw's 'Arms and the Man,' the dramatic version of the famous musical success 'The Chocolate Soldier.'"—*Ottawa Announcement*.

Time's revenge upon the maker of paradox.

"So dry was it, the flames spread for about twenty yards, but willing hands quickly stamped them out before much damage was done."
Western Morning News.

We clap our feet over this deed of heroism.

"Required, Home as Paying Guest for a Young Lady with a family of good social position, &c."—*Morning Post*.

It doesn't say what she has done to offend her family, but it looks as if she had drifted a bit outside their pale.



Ethel. "HULLO! I THOUGHT YOU COULD RIDE!"

Jack. "SO I CAN! YOU DON'T COUNT DONKEYS, DO YOU?"

IN THE PILLORY.

THE Duke of Belvedere sat in his library. No, he was not ordering the eviction of a highly respectable tenant who had been on the estate fifty-nine years because he had ridden in a Liberal car to the polling-booth. You see he was not a *Daily News* duke. Nor, on the other hand, was he putting on the armour of his ancestors (the first Belvedere was a haberdasher and therefore wore an habergeon) to ride forth and strike one last brave blow for England, Empire, Glory and F. E. SMITH. Now you see that he was not an *Observer* duke.

He was sitting reading a newspaper. We could name the newspaper, only these editors get so confoundedly arrogant. He was not bothering about the Crisis. He was looking at the weather forecast and wondering when there would be a good downfall to improve his trout-stream.

The butler entered with a telegram.

(To avoid misapprehension one must state that the butler was not an ancient family retainer. He had been in the Duke's service precisely three months and was under notice to leave for drunkenness.)

"Another of 'em?" said the Duke, without troubling to open it. "If it's reply paid, Smithers, wire 'No' to whatever they ask. These fellows seem

to think that I've nothing to do but answer their beastly wires."

"Yes, your Grace," replied Smithers.

"And if any more of 'em come answer what you like, but don't worry me with the beastly things."

Now the telegram in question was from Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, and ran: "Will you pledge yourself not to go into Government Lobby on Veto Bill?"—and the Duke, who had not the least intention of going near London during the hot weather, had replied "No."

Two days later the Duke came down cheerfully to breakfast. All was well in the world. There had been rain in the night and the Duchess had cabled that she was going to stay at Minneapolis for another month.

Smithers awaited him with anxious face. He had folded the newspaper so that the Duke could see the cricket scores at the first glance. (In some respects the Duke was just an ordinary human being.)

"If you will excuse me, your Grace," began Smithers, "there's some very bad news in the paper. Pardon me if I break it to your Grace."

"If those infernal poachers have been poisoning my trout stream," began the Duke.

"Pardon me, your Grace, there is the paragraph."

The Duke took up the paper and

read: "On receipt of the news that the Duke of Belvedere would not pledge himself not to vote with the Government a special meeting of the Chow Bent Constitutional Club was held. On the motion of Councillor Tonks it was resolved that the name of the Duke, surrounded by a deep black border, should be hung up in both the bar and the billiard-room."

The butler waited eagerly. He read *The Observer* regularly and wondered whether the Duke would fall in an apopleptic fit or strive to cut his throat with a table-knife.

The Duke cracked his first egg—for the benefit of lady readers one must state that the Duke always has two, lightly boiled. "Smithers," he said, "where the dooce is Chow Bent?"

That night Smithers, weary of serving a shameless aristocrat, left his post, taking all portable plate with him.

"It is said to be pretty certain that the great violinist will visit South Africa this year, probably about September."

South African Weekly Standard.

An interesting paragraph, but it is a pity to head it "PADEREWSKI COMING."

Suggested Title for the Puppet Peers (if any):—Lords of Creation. If there are Suffragettes among the Puppet Peeresses we are sorry for them.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is a little difficult to know what to write about ROBERT HUGH BENSON's latest production, *The Dawn of All* (HUTCHINSON), because for one thing it is not a book that can be classed in any exact category. In his preface FATHER BENSON himself says that his purpose in writing it was to provide a kind of antidote to "the exceedingly depressing and discouraging effect" of his former work, *Lord of the World*; and, as that showed the future development of what is called modern thought, so the present book treats of an exactly opposite condition, and of a world in which revealed religion and the authority of Rome have become the dominant factors in human and international life. No one now will need to be told with what skill the author does this. There is some quality about all FATHER BENSON's writing which (for want of a better word) I must call compulsion. With his matter one may be in the most violent disagreement, and irritated, even a little alarmed, at his conclusions, but it is certain that one cannot help listening to whatever he chooses to say. These columns are obviously not the place in which either to attack or defend a book which is partly a polemical treatise and partly a kind of religious fantasy. I will content myself with the promise that everyone, of whatever conviction, will find it intensely interesting. The central figure, *Masterman*, who eventually becomes Cardinal Archbishop of England, is well drawn; and the concluding scene, in which King and Cardinal, in their state aerial barges, go forth to welcome the airship in which the Pope, attended by the sovereigns of Europe, is making his triumphal world-progress, is, at the least, a fine piece of spectacular imagination.

"Dear me!" I can imagine KATHARINE TYNAN saying at about the two-hundredth page of a novel she is writing, "nobody has been rescued so far from death by fire or drowning or has tumbled over a precipice or even encountered a mad bull. And this is Ireland, aron! But never mind, the second nice man has got to fall in love with the minor heroine anyhow, and get shifted from the principal one; this is just the opportunity." So she puts the young lady at the bottom of a very tall cliff with the tide coming in, and the second nice man strolls along the top, and there you are. And yet if ever there was a plot that could have afforded to dispense with these mechanical contrivances of romance it is that of *St. Cecilia* (SMITH, ELDER). *Cecily Shannon*, cousin of *Lord Dromore*, has married beneath her because her first fiancé, *Sir Paul Chadwick*, is supposed to have been killed and eaten (I think we might have dispensed with the dinner part) by savages. In her mental distress she has imagined the young country doctor who attends her to be the departed one.

Years afterwards *Sir Paul Chadwick* turns up again unimpaired by South Pacific appetites, and indeed in a fine state of preservation, and falls in love with *Cecilia*, *Cecily's* daughter. There is a situation that would have provided mazes of psychological incident for some of our American novelists, but KATHARINE TYNAN calmly unravels the difficulty by making *Sir Paul* transfer his affections to somebody else, helped by a ridiculously artificial series of mistakes and the overworked tide of the Atlantic. There are some pleasant people in *St. Cecilia*, as there are always in this writer's books; but I think they travel too much in Irish jolting cars to get their emotions properly settled down.

I question which of the three of us, Mr. WILLIAM CAINE, who wrote *The Devil in Solution* (GREENING), Mr. GEORGE MORROW, who illustrated it, or I, who read it, enjoyed himself with the greatest abandonment. It is without doubt the most absurd book I have ever read. The mere idea of alleging the cocoa-drinking habit as the last and most vicious form of self-stimulation, and not only so,

but further hanging the whole of a complicated plot upon that alone, is clearly inexcusable. To set up the victim of the vice, *Lord Mark Mucklethew*, the aristocratic politico-athlete, who was better at everything than everybody and offensively aware of it, as a hero deserving of sympathy and applause, is preposterous; and that my attention and interest should have been seriously invited to the insincere narrative of this person's frankly inconceivable career I regard as a piece of barefaced impudence on the part of the author and his equally guilty colla-

borator. Possibly they may attempt to justify their outrageous antics on the grounds of satire; certainly I fancied I caught a suggestion now and then that they were getting at somebody; but whether the objective was the Government, the Smart Set, or merely myself, I cannot tell, because I did not stop to think. Satire or no satire, the whole thing stands outside the pale of dignified criticism, and I have nothing more to say for it. But, heavens! how I laughed from start to finish!

"It is not that she rebels against 'Papa,' and 'Mamman.' The essentials of French character remain the same as they always were, and one of these essentials is a passionate family affection."—*Daily Chronicle*. Still, highly as we also value family affection, we differ from the young lady referred to, in that we do rebel against "Mamman" with three *m's* (especially when it comes three times in a column).

"WILLIAMS.—On the 24th July, at Longford, Horley, Surrey, to Leonard and Muriel Williams—a baby brother for Maxwell."—*Times*.

It is to be hoped that this kind of announcement will not become general. But if it does there will have to be variations. We suggest as a start, "Maxwell's nose out of joint."



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

II.—A BRITISH MUSEUM OFFICIAL RETURNING TO ENGLAND WITH A DEAD BARGAIN.